

THE HEAVY WEIGHTS

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S ELOQUENT SERMON IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The Burdens That the Lord Will Sustain if Christians Will but Cast Them Upon Him—The World a Great Hospital, Mountains of Sin Removed.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage is now in this city, whence he will sail next Thursday on his trip around the world. He preached today to a large and deeply interested audience on the subject of "Heavy Weights," the text being taken from Psalms 11, 22, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

David was here taking his own medicine. If anybody had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet out of his own experience he advises you and me as to the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is a world of burden-bearing. During the past few days tidings came from across the sea of a mighty and good man fallen. A man full of the Holy Ghost was he, his name the synonym for all that is good and kind and gracious and beneficent. Word comes to us of a scourge sweeping off hundreds and thousands of people, and there is a burden of sorrow. Sorrow on the sea and sorrow on the land. Coming into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness or sorrow, but where is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day of all the year when my text is not gloriously appropriate, and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text is not gloriously appropriate, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

A Well of Tears.
In the far east wells of water are so infrequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water, but there is one well that every man owns, a deep well, a perennial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder, he has a burden on the other shoulder.

The day I left home to look after myself and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has been with me all my life: "De Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for 15 years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family, but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in all the gift of the people of the county, and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust him."

Oh, my friends, what we want is a practical religion! The religion people have is so high up you cannot reach it. I had a friend who entered the life of an evangelist. He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife finally came to severe want. He told me that in the morning at prayers he said: "O Lord, thou knowest we have not a mouthful of food in the house! Help me; help us!" And he started out on the street, and a gentleman met him and said: "I have been thinking of you for a good while. You know I am a flour merchant. If you won't be offended, I should like to send you a barrel of flour." He cast his burden on the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Now, that is the kind of religion we want.

Business Burdens.
In the strait of Magellan, I have been told, there is a place where, whichever way a ship captain puts his ship, he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind, and which way to turn they do not know. Some of them may be in this assemblage, and I address them face to face, not perfunctorily, but as one brother talks to another brother, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man worried and perplexed and annoyed in business life, we are apt to say, "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah, that man may not be to blame at all! When a man plants a business, he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be its roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been flung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from ambush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust and to what amount to credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop and a thousand other questions perplex business men until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are plowed in the cheek, and the stocks go up by mountains and go down by valleys, and they are at their wits' ends and stagger like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there have been such rivalries in business as now. It is hardware against hardware, books against books, chandlery against chandlery, imported article against imported article. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such advantage of light, never such variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window, never so much adroitness of salesmen, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all these severities of rivalry in business how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart!

Telling For Others.
You hear that it is avarice which drives these men of business through the street, and that is the commonly ac-

cepted idea. I do not believe a word of it. The vast multitude of these business men are toiling on for others. To educate their children, to put wing of protection over their households, to have something left so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poorhouse—that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store—the vast majority of that energy. Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business. Some of us remember when the Central America was coming home from California it was wrecked. President Arthur's father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship and went down with most of the passengers. Some of them got off into the lifeboats, but there was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand, and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was to go down that young man shouted to a comrade in the boat: "Here, John, catch this gold. There are \$3,000. Take it home to my old mother; it will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world.

Ah, my friend, do you say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities; he knows what mortgage is about to foreclose; he knows what note you cannot pay; he knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves; he knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yardstick down to that sale of the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes, and you find your property going, just take this book and put it down by your ledger and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

The Lord Sustained Him.
A young accountant in New York city got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out right he would go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early—before there was anybody in the place—and he knelt down at the desk and said: "O Lord, thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me today—help me this morning!" The young man arose, and hardly knowing why he did so opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that?

Oh, yes, God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the load of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder on the wall. He hears the pickaxe of the miner down in the coal shaft. He knows how strong the tempest strikes the sail or at masthead. He sees the factory girl among the spindles and knows how her arms ache. He sees the sewing woman in the fourth story and knows how few pence she gets for making a garment, and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Then there are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted, and all his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against railery and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down, he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had admirers. The character sometimes is so lustrous that the weak eyes of envy and jealousy cannot bear to look at it.

A Target For the Lightning.
It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Petmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure if you have anything to do for church or state, and you attempt it with all your soul, the lightning will strike you.

The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by scoff and grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages and in all lands the cry has been: "Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber."

And what makes the persecutions of life worse is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you loaned money or have started in business or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom

we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of becoming cynical.

Danger of Cynicism.
A clergyman of the Universalist church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find some one of that denomination, and he was pointed to a certain house and went there. He said to the man of the house: "I understand you are a Universalist. I want you to help me in the enterprise." "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of Universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. "Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world, and I have been cheated and gandered and outraged and abused until I believe in universal damnation!"

The great danger is that men will become cynical and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. Oh, my friends, do not let that be the effect upon your souls! If you cannot endure a little persecution, how do you think our fathers endured great persecution? Motley, in his "Dutch Republic," tells us of Egmont, the martyr, who, condemned to be beheaded, unfastened his collar on the way to the scaffold, and when they asked him why he did that he said: "So they will not be detained in their work. I want to be ready." Oh, how little we have to endure compared with those who have gone before us!

Now, if you have come across ill treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ and Luther and Galilee and Columbus and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and heaven.

Christ Can Understand.
Budge not one inch, though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think Christ knew all about persecution? Was he not hissed at? Was he not struck on the cheek? Was he not pursued all the days of his life? Did they not expectorate upon him? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon him." And cannot he understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Then there are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce cholera and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God, but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics, and their plasters, and their cordials rather than upon heavenly stimulants.

Oh, how few people there are completely well! Some of you, by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to this time, but how you have had to war against physical ailments! Antediluvians, without medical college and infirmaries and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds, but he who has gone through the gantlet of disease in our time and has come to 70 years of age is a hero worthy of a palm.

The world seems to be a great hospital, and you run against rheumatism and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and scores of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is! It takes the color out of the sky, and the sparkle out of the wave, and the sweetness out of the fruit, and the luster out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ears roar with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assiduous!

The Faith Cure.
"Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Does your head ache? His wore the thorn. Do your feet hurt? His were crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under a cross. While you are in every possible way to try to restore your physical vigor, you are to remember that more soothing than any anodyne, more vitalizing than any stimulant and more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription of the text, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

We hear a great deal of talk now about faith cure, and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. I do not know but that the chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Marvelous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracles is past it is because the faith of miracles is past.

A prominent merchant of New York said to a member of my family, "My mother wants her case mentioned to Mr. Talmage."
This was the case. He said: "My mother had a dreadful abscess, from which she had suffered untold agonies, and all surgery had been exhausted upon her, and worse and worse she grew until we called in a few Christian friends and proceeded to pray about it. We commended her case to God, and the abscess began immediately to be cured. She is entirely well now, and without knife and without any surgery." So that case has come to me, and there are a score of other cases coming to our ears from all parts of the earth. Oh, ye who are sick, go to Christ! Oh, ye who are worn out with agonies of body, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee!"

Empty Cradles and Chairs.
Another burden some have to carry is the burden of bereavement. Ah, these are the troubles that wear us out! If we lose our property, by additional industry perhaps we may bring back the estranged fortune. If we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity, but who will bring back the dear departed?

Alas, me, for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will

never be used again! Alas, me, for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps! Alas, for the cry of widowhood and orphanage! What bitter shadow from the wing of death, what eyes sunken with grief, what hands tremulous with bereavement, what instruments of music shut now because there are no fingers to play on them! Is there no relief for such souls? Aye, let that soul ride into the harbor of my text:

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose I will not, I will not desert to its foes. That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake, I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

Now, the grave is brighter than the ancient tomb where the lights were perpetually kept burning. The scarred feet of him who was "the resurrection and the life" are on the broken grave hill-lock, while the voices of angels ring down the sky at the coronation of another soul come home to glory.

The Ruined Race.
Then there are many who carry the burden of sin. Ah, we all carry it until in the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a spectacle it would be if we could tear off the mask of human deification or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud, and the rapine, and the murder, and the crime of all centuries! Aye, if I could sound the trumpet of resurrection in the soul of the best men in this audience, and all the dead sins of the past should come up, we could not endure the sight. Sin, grim and dire, has put its clutch upon the immortal soul, and that clutch will never relax unless it be under the heel of him who came to destroy the works of the devil.

Oh, to have a mountain of sin on the soul! Is there no way to have the burden moved? Oh, yes. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." The sinless one came to take the consequences of our sin! And I know he is in earnest. How do I know it? By the streaming temples and the streaming hands as he says, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Why will prodigals live on swine's huts when the robe, and the ring, and the father's welcome are ready? Why go wandering over the great Sahara desert of your sin when you are invited to the gardens of God, the trees of life and the fountains of living water? Why be houseless and homeless forever when you may become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty?

A Practical Wooer.
A young lady, who was the recipient of attention from two young men equally eligible in point of good looks, social position and financial solidity, and entertained similar feelings for both, was in a quandary as to which to choose should they propose. A friend to whom she confided her difficulty suggested that she should put both to some test to prove the strength of their affection. She took the advice, and to the first who avowed his affection said:

"You tell me that you love me. How do I know that you are sincere? What would you do to show your love?" "Anything," replied the ardent lover, who had a spice of romance in his disposition. "Anything—I would go to the world's end for you. I would die for you, if necessary."

Such ardent protestations brought the blushes to her cheeks and a thrill of happiness to her, and she thought that certainly no one could love her more fondly than he did. She asked him, however, for a little delay before giving an answer to his suit.

Meanwhile the other proposed, and she questioned him in like manner.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you what I would do to show you my love. If you marry me, you shall have good clothes to wear. I will see that you are always the owner of a handsome sealskin jacket, and that your hats or bonnets are always in fashion, and I will be a faithful and loving husband to you."

"But wouldn't you go to the world's end for me or any of that sort of thing, you know?" she asked as she toyed with his coat buttons.

"I don't want to go to the world's end," he replied. "I've got a nice paying business here, and as for dying for you, I'd rather live with you."

"Well," said she as visions of the sealskin jacket and fashionable bonnets flashed before her mind, "I think you can speak to pa."

The practical wooer is the man for the times.—Boston Home Journal.

A Curiosity of Taste.
What do you think of the idea of sweetening your sugar with a little salt or quinine? Don't laugh at the proposition, for there is more of a point to it than can be seen on the surface of the mere assertion. Professor Zunte, a German chemist and an expert before some big Berlin physiological society, accidentally discovered the fact that sugar's sweetening properties were actually strengthened by the addition of a minute quantity of salt. From his experiments he finds that if to a solution of sugar there be added a slight amount of salt and water, so weak that it excites no saline taste, the result proves that the strength of the sugar is much augmented thereby. He also says that the very weakest possible solution of quinine and water produces a similar effect. The explanation which the learned professor gives of the above seeming incongruity is this—that, be the saltness or bitterness ever so feeble, providing it is sufficient to excite the follicles of the tongue at all, it imparts an increased sensibility to the organ of taste. For fear that the above will be hardly intelligible, I will close by giving a quotation from Professor Zunte: "The sensation of taste is wonderfully excited by the simultaneous stimuli of the epyprea follicles and the consequent enlargement of their pelotia."—St. Louis Republic.

Speedwell Farms Stallions.

SEASON 1894.

—JENNER—

French Coach Horse. Imported Aug. 1892.

The characteristics of these horses are good size, style, very handsome and nery, compounded with extreme speed at long distances. Many of the world's trotting records for two miles and over are held by French Coach Horses. Pactole, 4 years, holds the world's trotting record for two and one half miles, time 6:58, an average of 2:27 to the mile. Pactole was sired by Heir of Lynne. The grand sire of Jenner, Impetus, 4 years old, French Coach, holds the world's record for three miles, time 7:42, an average of 2:34 per mile.

TERMS, \$25.00.

IVAN SPEEDWELL—Standard No. (21406).

Black Stallion. Born June 29th 1891. Bred at Briar Hill Farm, Lexington, Ky.
SIRE, Ivaneer by Electioneer. Dam, Kentucky Belle, by Abraham. 2nd dam, Emmie by Volunteer. 3rd dam, by Saladin. Ivaneer is own brother to Sunol, 2:08 1/2.
Abraham sire of nine in the 2:30 list, and one of the very best sons of Daniel Lambert.
Volunteer sire of thirty one with records ranging from 2:11 1/2 to 2:30.
Ivan Speedwell will be allowed to serve ten mares at \$15.00.

—VIVIAN—

Percheron Horse, 3 years old. Sire Marston by Brilliant. Dam, Pacadie by Brilliant.

Brilliant was the most famous Percheron horse that ever lived. The product of a typical Percheron is conceded in every market of the world where they are in use, to be the strongest, quickest, hardiest and freest from disease, and longest lived of any known draft horse.

TERMS, \$5.00.

All fees payable when mares prove in foal.

All cordially invited to visit the Farms and inspect the horses.

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Can sell you right.

HARROWS,

Spring Tooth and Disc.

Plows, Cultivators and Hand Tools.

Grass Seed, Clover, Peas, Sanford Corn.

Bradley's Standard Fertilizers.

Nails, Salt, Lime, Flour, Sugar and Shingles.

Produce taken for goods. Cash paid for Potatoes and Sugar.

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—THE FIFTH ANNUAL—

Stallion Parade

—OF—

The Northern Caledonia Fair Association

Will be held at

LYNDONVILLE

On Wednesday, June 6, 1894.

A stake race for trotting stallions in the 2-45 class, owned within the limits of the Association and held for service. Entrance fee \$5.00. The Association in double the stakes.

Sports and pastimes will be a prominent feature.

The Lyndonville Silver Cornet Band will lead the parade.

Make all entries with the Secretary as early a date as possible. Pedigree blanks furnished on application.

Admission, 25 cts.; Teams, 15 cts.; Ladies and children free.

L. B. HARRIS, Pres.

E. M. CAMPBELL, Sec'y.

S-T-A-T-E-M-E-N-T

SHOWING THE CONDITION OF THE

Orleans Trust Company,

Newport, Vt.

AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS JAN. 1, 1894.

RESOURCES:

First Mortgage Loans, \$169,951.49

Loans with Mortgages as collateral security, 7,295.00

Loans on Other Collateral Security, 5,826.68

Personal Notes, 68,675.50

Loans to Towns, Villages and School Districts, 944.76

Municipal Bonds par, 1,300.00

National Bank of Newport stock, at par, 5,000.00

N. G. Loan Co. stock at par, 2,000.00

Overdraft, 8.50

Furniture and Fixtures, 500.00

Cash on hand and on deposit in National Banks, 41,004.95

Interest due and unpaid, 1,864.29

Accrued Interest, not yet due, 1,804.49

Total, \$315,976.10

LIABILITIES:

Capital stock, paid in, \$50,000.00

Due State of Vermont, Taxes, 257,889.87

Unearned Discounts, 750.33

Treasurer's Checks outstanding, 108.87

Bills Payable, 65.90

Undivided Profits, 6,889.66

Total, \$315,976.10

C. A. PROUTY, PRESIDENT.

P. J. FARRELL, TREASURER.

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The undersigned has the Agency for the towns of Greensboro, Glover and Craftsbury for the sale of the celebrated

McCormick Harvesting Machines.

Any one in the above named towns thinking of buying a Binder, Reaper or Mower this season, will do well to call on me and examine my Machines before purchasing.

A Catalogue describing the Machines, sent on application.

H. W. GILLIS,

Greensboro, Vt.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

Estate of Charles Hogan.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Probate Court for the District of Orleans, Commissioners, to receive, examine, and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Charles Hogan, late of Albany in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet, for the purposes aforesaid, at T. M. Rowell's hotel in said Albany, on the 4th day of June and 7th day of November next, from 10 o'clock, a. m. until 4 o'clock, p. m., each of said days, and that six months from the 7th day of May A. D. 1894 is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.

Dated at Albany this 10th day of May A. D. 1894.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, Commissioners.

DANIEL R. COBB,

Over 500 Banks

Closed their doors in the face of depositors, within the last year.

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Regular Life Insurance Co.

Asked delay in payment of a just claim.

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We Offer Very Desirable Plans on Liberal and Definite Terms.

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ATTENTION FARMERS!

As the Horse market always calls for the Good Horse, please the Gentleman Driver, you will be interested in the well known Stallion

RED BEN.

A fine red bay horse which stands 15 1/2 hands high, is of fine form and a clean and first-class roadster.

This horse was sired to Ben Franklin, by Daniel Lambert, the Dam of which was Ryndaks Hambletonian, a very gamey and fast mare.

Ben Franklin is the sire of many fast horses with records as low as 2:24 and better.

Red Ben should be seen to be appreciate and horse breeders and farmers are invited to see him. He has made 2:34 without training.

Red Ben makes the season as follows:

Mondays at Irasburgh House, Irasburgh.

Tuesdays at Justin Cook's, West Glover.

Wednesdays at Bert Pike's Hotel, No. Craftsbury; all other days at my stable in Greenboro.

Red Ben makes the season as follows:

Service to warrant, \$10.00

All mares disposed of before foaling considered as foal.

I shall take advantage of the law, relative to liens on colts as per acts 103, 104, laws of 1893.

I. E. ROLLINS,

E. Greensboro, Vt.